METAL BEDSTEADS AND COSTUMES.

STREET AND MARKET SCENES IN HAVANA AND MATANZAS.

Hayana, Dec. 20 .- A woman spending a short noliday in Cuba makes no attempt to grapple with the sugar question, nor does she in least take in the political situation. She only looks about her with keen, observing eyes, to ee how people are living, how they dress, what their houses are like, and what there is in their day in Havana offered a rapid succession of varying scenes, such as the gradual approach to the gay-colored city in rich mists of sunshine, the sail orders, and embroidery and manners are said to from the steamer to the landing in a small boat be the sum of womanly attainment. with a canvass hood over the stern like an oldfashioned cradle, the drive over rough pavements women only in a restricted way. Bargain through narrow streets to the hotel, and the midday breakfast of unusual dishes. But one of the pleasantest surprise was in reserve when I en- American town. There are no set prices. The tered my room. It was a glimpse of a Cuban bed.

This bed had an iron frame, with posts at the four corners supporting a light canopy. The his customer is an American. He extels the merits posts were painted with wreaths of red roses. of his goods in a trantic outburst of Spanish the head and foot boards were similarly decorated, with a pantonime of sesture, and reduces his and over all hung a canopy of delicate lace, tied price only after a heated argument, if it beback on each side with scarlet satin ribbons. A flounce of the satin hung at the top of the canopy, and another like a valence around the lower framework beneath the light mattress. The remaining nothing to buy. There are no manufactures furniture of the room was commonplace, but this beautiful bed made it picturesque. It was a ported, the grade of goods is low, and the prices source of delight to me as often as I entered the are much higher than in New-York. The shops source of delight to me as often as I entered the

they were ornamented with brass medallions, and then again they were inlaid with mother of pearl. chase of souvenirs in treasure-trove of old silver, The prices ranged from \$17 to \$65. The prettiest one I saw anywhere was in Matanzas, Colonial clocks a few years ago could be bought where I arrived after a scotching railway journey of several hours, and a long, dusty, were then filled with real bargains, and the folting drive from the station to the centre of the town. What a delight it was after mounting they would follow one to the door with entreaties a steep stone staircase, and crossing a bare forlorn- to buy. All this is changed. The pawn-shops are looking parlor, to enter a bedroom that was a perfect little gem in its way! It was lighted by a broad window opening on a balcony opposite was, or possibly the American tourists have the Cathedral. The floor was covered with coollooking tiles. There were wardrobes and clothespresses of dark, old-fashioned wood, roomy washstands and inviting armchairs; but what gave especial charm to the room was the bed standing in the centre of it as it to challenge admiration. The head and foot boards were painted in Spanish be found. There is a fine display of fruit, and coast scenes delicately inlaid with mother of pearl, and the light iron frame supported a canopy of lace as fine and dainty as fairy work.

The parlor of a Cuban hotel is a square hall into which bedrooms open. It is furnished with can entertain a caller. On the first floor there is sometimes a dining-room, but oftener a large her finding herself a little further along, in the

windows and are entirely without glass. Those on the ground floor are barred with iron; the upper windows open on balceties; and all have folding inside shutters. In the hotels and the best houses she floors are tiled and the ceilings are very high, often eighteen or twenty feet. The doors inside are made about one-third the height of the doorways and are hung in pairs, which swing on double hinges either way. These doors are decorated with panels of colored glass, in funciful designs illustrating fairy tales or classical scenes. The doorway is hung with lace curtains and is closed by folding shutters like those at the windows. The furniture is largely made of cane and entirely without apholstery. The mild climate makes it possible for women

to wear light, airy costumes all the year round, Indeed, a dress of woollen material or any heavy fabrio seems unknown. Black lace is the favorite material for dresses among the upper classes. Cuban ladies are seen in the shops or in the streets in dresses of black lace, the waist cut halflow both back and front; and the sleeves reaching only to the elbow. A mantilla is thrown gracefully over the head, and draped loosely about the houlders. The mantilla is the prevailing headdress for rich and poor alike, varying from the finest Spanish lace of silk to the coarsest cotton imitation, but invariably black for the street, Murch or driving-white being reserved for fulldress. White lawns with showy colored figures are popular, as well as challies, veiling and These are generally made up with one skirt and a fancy waist, and are often elaborately trimmed with ribbons. Lavender is the most popular color, and is worn in all its numerous shades without regard to the clearness of the complexion. This may be because Cuban women do not allow the natural tint of the skin to be seen, so thickly do they powder their faces, which them an unnatural, chalky look. colored people display their innate love of dress to advantage. A favorite device is to dress from head to foot in one tint. I saw one negress a black as ink attending mass at the Cathedral in Havana with a complete costume of salmon color. The dress, of some clinging stuff, was simply made in long flowing lines, entirely without trimming, and there was a long searf of the same goods wound around her head and shoulders. negress at the same service was similarly arrayed, in white, even to her shoes. handsome face, and the contrast of her white muslin scarf against her dark skin was most Only the lower classes of Cuban women can go

about unattended. It is an invariable rule that a lady must have an escort, either a relative or servant. Little girls must be escorted to school, or to their music-lessons. Ladies must be attended to church, to the shops, and in making The best glimpse which a visitor has of the Cuban vanity fair is the Sunday night walk in the central plaza or park of the town. These little parks are very prettily laid out in eds of tropical plants and shrubs with a wide promenade around the edge. In the evenings hey are brilliantly lighted by electricity, and on Sunday night a band plays dance music and lively airs from popular operas. At an early hour the girls assemble with their chaperons. social and psychical rather than physical poculiartitles. It is true that physical departures from the normal
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tree permitted to walk around in groups of
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type are commoder among t The guardians and protectors find seats on the benches which line the main promenade, and the girls are permitted to walk around in groups of large numbers, smoking and promenading behind the young women. They are not allowed to walk with the girls, but not a little flirling is

dressed young girls stroll about in their pink, blue, yellow or white gowns, their pretty, dark hair uncovered, and their bright eyes quick to discern a favorite caballero, while the proud mammas sit by, each making mental comparisons in favor of her own especial charge. The Sunday hight walk in Matanzas is the most characteristic

Cuban scene which I have witnessed.

The Cuban girls mature very early. They are sometimes married as early as twelve years, and fourteen is a common marring age. As I was travelling in the interior of the island a planter pointed out a bride on the train and asked me to guess her age I said "twenty," but it was shops, their streets and their markets. My first fourteen. At fourteen a Cuban girl certainly looks quite as old as an American girl at twenty Their educational standard is very low. harbor fortifications, the picturesque harbor, the schools are all under the care of the religious

The joys of shopping are known to Cuban there are would be accounted third-rate in an shopman asks for his wares whatever he thinks comes evident that there is a serious risk of losing his customer altogether. The principal objection to shopping in Cuba is that there is characteristic of the country. Everything is imare very small; they are all on the ground floor In the course of my subsequent shopping ex- and few have more than one room. Until recursions I saw many of these beds. Sometimes cently the pawn-shops have offered the most attractive opportunities to travellers for the purantique jewelry, fans and laces at low prices. for from five to twenty dollars. These shops dealers were so unwilling to lose a customer that now empty and have lost their attractions for visitors. Perhaps the island is not so poor as it

The markets in Cuba are attractive to a

emptied them.

stranger. They are arranged in the usual way, the goods being offered for sale in a large number of little booths. Cheap drygoods, toys and ornaments, as well as provisions of all kinds, are to especially of the queer, pulpy, flavorless varieties which abound in a hot climate, and which aboudy but a native ever buys for the second time. The vegetable stalls are very attractive from the tasteful way in which the dealers ara piano and a writing-desk, in addition to the centre table and a double row of cane-scated armelmirs. This is the only spot where a guest water. Chickens are tied by the feet and carried away alive by the purchaser. One can also find here a few fresh confections, a cross between cake open space, with the office on one side and the restaurant on the other; and if one be of a sugar country, but its candy is imported from roving disposition there is nothing to prevent France, and it is both stale and expensive. The only native casay I could find was a compound stitute a Cuban kitchen. Very savory dishes are brought out from this kitchen by the dapper little Cuban waitegs. The soups are generally thick with bits of meat, beans, and various unrecognizable fragments, but have an excellent flavor. The fish is fine and well cooked. The salads are fresle and well dressed. The meats are not so good, being too fresh-killed? but the cutrees and fancy dishes are excellent. The desserts are meagre, an occasional ice or a custard being offered in addition to the native preserved fruit, which is very rich and sweet. There are also cheeses of fine flavor. The genuine Spanish dishes are superior to the initiation French cooking served at some of the larger hotels.

Of home interiors the tourist can see but little, for the Cubans guard their homes jealously. The doorways are on a level with the street, and large enough for a carriage to drive in. The entrance court is paved and the family carriage is kept there, the horses being taken to a stable opening into the inner court, around which the house is built. From the entrance hall an iron staircase leads to the second story. Large troptical plants in finery flower-pots ornament this hall, and a porter is always on duty there. The windows are as large as four ordinary American windows and are entirely without glass. Those on the large cathery without glass. Those on windows and are entirely without glass. Those on the large and coherend the paper. The cubans are generally stand a small evision to look over their little states of ware at leisure and seem equally happy and contented whether the visitor boys or not stain contented whether the visitor boys or not town present an endless send cubars are superior to the matter the contented whether the visitor boys or not town present an endless send cubars are so narrow that two vehicles can hardly pass each other. They are prive with the sidew midst of the rows of charcoal braziers which con- of brown sugar and chopped nuts sold in rolls stitute a Cuban kitchen. Very savory dishes are and wrapped it, colored paper. The Cubans are stitute a Cuban kitchen by the danger and wrapped it. Colored paper. They will direct a cheap, the charge being twenty cents for a double fare for ordinary distances. The ceaches are small victorias and are drawn by thin little horses at a furious pace. Some really handsome private carriages with tine horses and liveried coachmen and footmen are sometimes seen. Negroes carry all burdens on their heads generally in large open shallow baskets. Laundresses may be seen balancing on their heads a load of treshly ironed linen, and they are followed by women bearing from market supplies of fresh fruit and vegetables, with a five chielen peeping from the basket. Droves of cows with calves bleating behind them are driven from door to door and milked to order. Strings of pack mules strangle along laden with fodder corn tied in so huge a burdle on each side of the animal that only the nose and feet are to be seen; and each mule's halter is fastened to the tail of the one next in front. A common sight is the large flexible basket of rushes hump panier-like across the back of a mule, the driver going on foot. The venders of street weres carry them on their heads with an appliance that looks like a plank a foot wide and four feet long, with an oblong box in the centre. In the box are the smaller articles, while everything that can be hung is suspended along the sides. Gay colored hard-kerchiefs, ribbons, laces and embroideries flutter in the breeze and entirely conceal the head and shoulders of the vender.

Whoever loses a limb or is otherwise injured in Caba immediately turns his misfortune to account as a matter of ousiness by exhibiting humself and deformed creatures are to be seen everywhere. They sit at the doors of churches, patrol the ferries and railway s'ations, and thrust their loathsome deformaties into sight in the cafes

maimed and deformed creatures are to be seen everywhere. They sit at the doors of churches, patrol the ferries and railway stations, and thrust their loathsome deformaties into sight in the cafes and hotel dining-rooms. I even saw in front of a theatre after an evening performance a hideous, misshapen child in a rolling chair drawn so close to the door that one could not help but pass her. The dogs are as numerous as the beggars. Not one well-bred, intelligent dog have I seen in Cuba, but scores of cuts of all sizes and degrees. They invade the hotel dining-rooms and beg at the tables unmolested.

Hayars is one of the noisiest of cities. Night

Cuba, but scotes of citis of all sizes and degree. They invade the hotel dining-rooms and beg at the tables unmolested.

Havans is one of the noisiest of cities. Night and day an uproar of loud talk arises from cafes and restaurants, and there is censeless bustle in the streets. Little bands of militia are constantly marching about accompanied by shrill bands of music. Their uniform is of a narrow blue and white striced linen goods, and they wear panama hats. There are military guards on every side, lounging in front of the official palaces and in the dusty little parks. At night the Central Park is filled with strollers, the entrances of the places of amusement are blocked with seat-speculators crying their numbers; and the lottery-boys are plying their numbers; and the lottery-boys are plying their numbers; and the lottery-boys are plying their numbers; and consecutive. This is its chief charm for the American visitor. It is essentially foreign, and consequently full of entertainment. Moreover, the climate of Cuba in midwinter is equable and almost perfect. The voyage to Havana occupies only four days from New-York, and is almost invariably a smooth and delightful pussage. Then follow the delights of a summer without excessive heat by day and with cool, invigorating breezes at night.

"THE CRIMINAL TYPE."

From The Manchester Times.

An important result of the recent Congress at Brussels on criminal anthropology has been the discrediting of the so-called "criminal type," or habitual criminal. The person who was born a criminal and must be one "noders volens," was supposed to have a smaller capacity of shall than the average, a more retreating forchead, the back of the lead large, the lower jaw very strong and pronounced, the ears often deformed, the halt coarse and thick the beard seaduly, and so forth. Dr. Tarnovski, of st. Petersburg, and Dr. Naceke, from a very large collection of data, maintained that there was no special peculiarity in the physique of criminals, male or female, and the general tendency of the papers read and discussions on the subject was to regard crime as the result of social and psychical rather than physical peculiarities. From The Manchester Times.

THE GYPSY TRAIL.

Rudyard Kipling in The Century. The white moth to the closing bine.
The bee to the opened clover.
And the gypsy blood to the gypsy blood
Ever the wide world over.

Ever the wide world over, lass, Ever the trail held true. Over the world and under the world, And back at the last to you.

Out of the dark of the gorgio camp, Out of the grime and the gray (Morning waits at the end of the world), Gypey, come away! The wild bear to the sun-dried swamp. The red crame to her reed.

And the Romany has to the Romany had

By the the of a roving breed.

Morning waits at the end of the world, Where winds unhaltered play. Nipping the flanks of their plunging ranks Til the white sea-horses neigh.

The pled snake to the rifted rock, The luck to the stony plain, And the Romany lass to the Romany had And both to the road again.

Both to the road again, again! Out on the clean scattacks Pollow the cross of the gypsy trail Over the world and back!

Pollow the Komany patteran North where the blue hergs sall, And the hows are gray with the frezen spray, And the masts are shod with mail.

Follow the Romany patteran sheer to the Austral Light. Where the besom of tool is the wild west wind, sweeping the sendoors widte.

Follow the Romany patterah West to the sinking sun. West to the sinking sun.

Till the junk sails lift through the houseless drift,
And the east and the west are one.

Pollow the Remany patterau East where the silence broads By a purple wave on an epil heach In the insit of the Mahim woods. The wild hawk to the wind swept sky.

The deer to the whole-ome wold.

And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,

As if was in the days of old.

The heart of a man to the heart of a maldorning waits at the end of the world, And the world is all at our feet:

ADVICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF " MADEMO SELLE INE." "Well, and what is the matter now?" said Holden, affectionately contemplating Lorange who, in every detail of his carefully finished dress, presented a striking contrast to his host and his surroundings.

"It is about Beryl Weatherley!"

"Ah! Is she going to have you?"

"That is just what I should like to know myself."

"I should think the way for you to find it out

"I should think the way for you to find it out was simple and obvious."

"The way out of other people's difficulties is always simple and obvious.

"Neat! Neat and crushing—go on."

"Well, the last time I saw her was just three weeks, ago, at the Lindborough Bail, and she certainly did that evening lead me to suppose that—well, that she did not altogether dislike me. For one thing she gave me nearly all the dances, and we sat out most of them, too."

"And do you mean to say that during all that time you never managed to put the question."

"Wait a little. As the evening went on I said nearly everything a non can say without actually proposing."

"How like you! Now what was the good of all that beating about the bush." Why not

actually proposing."

"How like you! Now what was the good of all that beating about the bush." Why not come up to the scratch and be done with it."

"My dear fellow! You talk as if the sale of a horse or the line of a house was in question. It is impossible in affairs of this kind to rush at things in that of-hand manner. One is treading on delicate ground, one must feel one's way."

"Humph! Proceed."

"Everything I raid she received in the most charming way. I have never known her so sweet. She did het say one sharp word. And she smiled—have you ever noticed what an exquisite smile it is? It was just as if all misunderstandines were over between its, as if she really cared for me, and was not aslanged to show it. I cannot tell you what a darling she was!"

"Fray don't try! What I want to know is did you say anything definite to the darling or not?" not?" "I did. It was on the steps outside, as I was

"I did. It was on the steps outside, as I was taking her to her carriage.

"Odd time to choose?"

"It was a very good time. We were more completely alone than we had been all night. No female dragons were on the watch, and the lackeys and other people round us were too busy looking and shouting for the e-utiages to pay any attention to what we were doing or saving. I said—well, I need not tell the exact words, but I told her what I felt and what I hoped. She did not sbrink from me—on the contrary, I could almost feed her little heart beating a_aimst my own, and I will swear she was going to say 'yes.'"

"Well, didn't she?"

"She could not, for just then old Weatherley, or

"Well, didn't she?"
"She could not, for just then old Weatherley, on
the step behind us-you know his manner-began
roaring out as if the place had been on fire and
we were escaping from it: "Get in, Berry, get in:
What

"Cold." Why it was suffocatinely hot."
"To you, perhaps. However, I suppose the answer was only deterred till next day."
"So I supposed, but early next morning I received a telegram to say Carstairs was dying, and I was to go to Basset Beane at ones."
"I can't see the good of that. He knew nothing about you, and cared less, though you were his

heir."
"No: still, as I was, it seemed only decent that I should go, Well you know the rest, I have been

heir."

"No: still, as I was it seemed only decent that I should go. Well you know the rest, I have been tied there ever since, and so have never had a chance of seeing feryl."

"But there was the penny post. Come!"

"I wrote to her, of course, and now comes the puzzing part of the story. She never answered—not one of my letters,"

"Ham! How many did you write?"

"Five: then I gave it up in despair."

"I suppose you made it clear you could not possibly get to Lindborough."

"I made it clear I could not get anywhere. I explained exactly how I was kept prisoner morning, noon and night, by lawyers, agents and relatives of the deceased, all asking for money and all complaining—except the lawyers. They were ouits happy, foreseeing lawsuits in the distance. Yes, I described my position and the aniscrable life I was leading, yet she did not was more as one sympathizing word."

"And yet I could swear that little girl's hear: is in the right place," said fielden, rising, and beginning to pace his untit, fittle smoking-room.

"A little too apt to jump at conclusions like noos of her sex, but stanch, nerfectly stanch."

"But what do you think can be the reason of it ali?"

"Ann girl ali! You don't expect me to give

ali?"
"Oh, hang it ali! You don't expect me to give
you a reason for anything a woman— What

is it?"

It was a rervant, to announce that some one

It was a rervant, to announce that some one else wished to see Mr. Holden.

"Show him into the next room. As he comes oy appointment, I may see him, but you can entertain yourself for a little, old man, can't you?

"No, I must be off. I think I shall go straight down to Lindborough to-day."

"Yes, that is the first thing to do, and the next is to see Miss Weatherley as soon as possible."

"And then?" asked Loraine, carefully smoothed why then, if you take my advice—which, of ing his hat, as he walked to the door, course you went—you will give up your favorite way of dancing round and round the place you want to get to, instead of going straight up to it. In a novel that is all very well, for it helps to spin out the story to the third volume, but in real life it does not seem to pay. Ask Miss Weather-ley point blank why she did not answer your letters, and keep her to the point, or at least, stick there yourself till you get a definite answer. Goodby, old chap, and good luck to you.

Loraine took a hansom and, driving along Piccadily in the sunshine of a bright June morning, reflected on his friend's exhortation, so curiously illustrative of the difference between them. Loraine liked sympathy in all his troubles, and never failed to go for it to Holden, who also never failed to give it in full measure, but too often accompanied with suggestions that, like this one, grated on Loraine's finer sense of delicacy and discretion.

The hansom stopped suddenly, and Loraine

grated on Loraine's their sense of deficacy and discretion.

The hausom stopped suddenly, and Loraine looking up perceived that the crush had brought him almost face to face with, and quite within speaking distance, of a lady seated in a victoria and dressed in the extreme of fashion. In the slender, elecant figure, and the face which by art had been almost made pretty. Loraine recognized Mrs. Courteville, another subject of dissension between himself and Holden. Loraine admired her greatly for qualities he always highly esteemed in women. At all times she looked as if she had just come fresh from the hands of some accountlished maid, and nothing was ever permitted to ruffle the bright repose of her manner. Holden, indifferent to these merits, accused her of frivolity, insincerity and a total incapacity, partly mental, partly moral, to repeat or relate anything correctly: faults which Loraine viewed leniently in a nice-looking woman.

She torned upon him now her rever-failing smile, and called out:

"Oh, Mr. Loraine, how naughty of you not to leave been to see me for a long a time."

smile, and called out:

"Oh, Mr. Loraine, how naughty of you not to
have been to see me for so long a time!"

"I have not been in town for weeks till to-day,"
he answered, leaning forward to talk to her.

"Oh, oh"

"True, I assure you."

"Then, when can you come and lunch with me? To-day?"

The two processions moved on each a step. He began, "I am ——" "Sorry I cannot," would have been the conclusion, but she interjected:

"The Weatherleys are coming. They are in town for the day."

been the conclusion, but she interjected;

"The Weatherleys are coming. They are in town for the day."

And he had just time to accept eagerly when the block gave way, and she was swept onward.

An hour later Loraine was seated in Mrs. Courterville's drawing-room, a room furnished and decorated in such complete obedience to the latest decree of fashion that, at any other time, Loraine would have been seriously annoyed by certain discords of color, not easily avoided where all the hues of the rainbow and the sunset are fearlessly combined. But so troubled in spirit was he that day he hardly noticed these dissonances in the tempered light maintained by cunningly adjusted blinds and chrinins. In this becoming gloom Mrs. Courterille sat opposite him, erect and alert, every line of her figure, every fold of her gown arranged with studied care, and her countenance no less carefully composed. Not a shade of wearmess or resentinent did she betray, though left by Loraine to maintain the chief share of conversation. Secretly she marvelled at his unwonted dulness, and heartify repented having asked him to lunch, but her outward demeanor conveyed the liveluse enjoyment of his society, while her bright eyes beamed on him with almost admiring interest. And he in return barely listened to what she said, till the beloved name caught his car.

"Last letter from Beryl Weatherley."

"Yow: she sends me the Lindborough gossip, and I let her know what is going on in London."

"And she answers your letters?"

"You correspond with her?"

"Y

"Oh, but there is always something to say,"

"But it is not always entertaining,"

"Oh, but you can easily make it so. A little re-arrangement of things, don't you know? There is no harm in it. A friendly letter is not one of these terrible legal documents which have to be signed and witnessed. Proud don't want dry facts in a letter any more than they do in ordinary conversation. What they want is to be amused. I always write just as I talk, don't you know, and I find my correspondents like my letters very much."

"I am certain they are delightful," said Loraine, "I am certain they are delightful," said Loraine, endeavoring, while not looking too ostensibly toward the clock, to discover what time it was. He began to consider the various trains from Lintborough, and heard no more till through a long and sparkling review of fashion-tibe amasements, Mrs Controville reached the tonic of doctors, and then of Mr, Weatherley, "coming up on purpose to see one."

to see one.

"Is be ill?" asked Loraine quickly.
"Of course. He is always ill in the dull season, when the shooting is over and the fishing has not

begin.

"Mr. and Miss Weatherley," said a servant, throwing open the door.

First entered Miss Weatherley, literally a untbrown maid, for her hair and eyes had both the sheen and the color of a chestnut, and her transparent skin was of that pale brown which, when it reddens, takes so rich a shade of rose. Her mouth, the very opposite to Mrs. Courteville's, ponted, eather than smiled habitually, and the instant that she sat eyes upon Loraine this pout changed to something even more severe. But he was very differently received by Mr. Weatherley, a ban of Herculean build and with all the appearance of the theory of the state of the same severy differently received by Mr. Weatherley, a ban of the touch and congratulated him.

"You are an uncommonly lucky fellow, let me tell you that," he cried, "Your consin went off just about the time of life when men of his sort take to marrying their cooks."

Mrs. Courteville, hearing of this good fortune for the first time, also othered her congratulations, glancing intelligently round upon the trio, and inwardly weathering why Beryl looked so cross.

"But, Mr. Weatherley," she cried, when they were all seated, "I am so sorry to hear you are oblined to see a doctor. I trust he will do you good."

"No doctor will ever do me any good." begin." Mr. and Miss Weatherley," said a servant,

good."

"No doctor will ever do me any good."

"Oh, Mr. Weatherley, you must not say that."

"I can only tell you I have consulted two doctors within the last six weeks, not counting the one I have just seen, and what with fees and the railway tickets, it has cost me a pretty penny; and not a farthing's worth of good have I got out of it all yet."

of it all yet."

-til, but Mr. Weatherley," cried Mrs. Courteville archly, "I am afraid you do not do what they

"I don't take their medicines, if that is what you mean. I can't they give such preposterous directions with them. Every three hours, every four hours, half-an-hour before meals. I can't stay at home all day looking at the clock, and I don't suppose even they expect I am geing to take their physic bottles out with me when I go fishing or shooting. Perfect folly 'I will say this for our local doctor, little Panton. He gives his jalap in a lump and is done with it."

But the new doctor—the one you have seen to-day—how does he arrange it?

"Oh, he doesn't go in for medicine, it seems. Diet is his line—what he calls diet. It sounds more like starvation to the."

ben old Weatherley, on ow his manner—began in dejected tones read aloud:

Bet is his line—what he cans more like starvation to me."

Bet look a sheet of paper out of his pocket, and in dejected tones read aloud:

Breakfast: tea, toast, egg lightly boiled.

Breakfast is the meal I always do best at. Why, breakfast is the meal I always do best at. Loraine accompanied them to the station that Lunch: one slice of meat, roast or boiled, potasting for? Do you.

Loraine accompanied them to the station that Lunch: one slice of meat, roast or boiled, potasting for? If there evening, a lovely evening, flushed with the prometry of the injury to her government of the fast and seather is a sickly mixture on earth, it is claret and water. Dinner: soup, lish, meat or game, no entrees or saveries—they are the best put of the dinners—stewed fruit or milk pudding—pshaw!—claret and water. That is a pretty thing to pay two guiness for:

who is this doctor?"

"Doctor Clinker."

"Doctor Clinker."

"Ob, yea should not go to him. He starves all his patients. He has killed several. You should go to Dr. Vincent—quite a different man. He always 20es in for plenty of nourishment and keeping the strength up. Now, my sister Bertha ways goes in for plenty of nonrishment and keeping the strength up. Now, my sister Berthayou saw her last year-so pale and thin, and no
appetite! He ordered her to eat as much as she
possiely could. Meat three times a day and plenty
of stimulant."

"Where does he live?" asked Mr. Weatherley,
widenthe impression.

evidently impressed.

It appeared that he lived close by, insomuch that there was plenty of time to consult him before lunch, and this, after some demar, Mr. Weatherley was persuaded to do, with Mrs. Courteville herself

as his guide,
"Beryl and Mr. Loraine can entertain each
other. We don't want either of them, do we,
Mr. Weatherley?"

They were alone, and likely to remain so for at least a quarter of an hour. It was one of those pieces of good fortune, surpassing expectation, which sometimes fall as if straight from heaven, on mortals in their extremity. It only remained, in horizaine instantly recognized, to make the most of these priceless minutes, and looking toward Becyl, he saw that she was employing them to read a magazine story—and not a very amusing story, to judge by her expression. Loraine gazed at her as he usually did, with mixed feelings. Her attitude was highly characteristic of a creature abruotly impulsive in her movements as in her actions. The hand that supported her head had thrust her hat all awry, into a position that behind a face less freshly young, would have been simply Indicrous, and from front locks, always disposed to wander where they should not, one in particular fell almost over her eves, quite down to the curve of a feverishly pink cheek. It fell too low and too straight to be picturesque; it was simply untidy, and yet Loraine was seized with a wild desire to lift it up tenderly and kiss it. For a moment or two, under the charm of this suggestion, he was tempted to adopt Holden's rough and ready method, to take Beryl in his arms and ask her, without further preface, why she had been so cruel; whely he did, it was to approach the difficulty in what he considered a much more dignified manner.

He strolled a little nearer to Beryl, lifted a ching cup from a console, and, carefully examining

dignified manner.

He strolled a little nearer to Beryl, lifted a china cup from a console, and, carefully examining the mark underneath, said:

"I suppose you have been very gay at Lindborough since I left?"

rough since I left?"
Without turning her head, or raising her eyes
om the leaf before her, Beryl answered sharply

"No. "Very busy then?"

"Not more than usual."
"Too busy to answer letters?"
"It depends if the letters were worth answer-

ing." I should think any letter deserved at least an acknowled2ment-in common politeness."

"Ah? you see I am not polite, as you have often

told me."
"I have not such beautiful manners as Miss Verney."
"Miss Who?"

"Miss Who?"

"Miss Edith Verney. Pray don't pretend you don't remember who she is."

"I remember her perfectly—"

"I should think you did!"

"But I fail to see any connection between her and what we are talking about."

"Only I remember your saying at the flower show last year, when you were in a rather disagreeable temper, that you admired Miss Verney's manners so much."

"The incident has escaped my memory."

"Of course, it is very easy to deny a thing afterwards."

don't deny having said it."

"Oh, you don't?"
"No, I only deny any recollection of having said
so. It was perfectly true."
"Indeed."
"ies, it is true that Miss Verney's manners are
good, and that I admire good manners."

"You prefer hers to mine, don't you?"
"I won't say that. But I confess that I prefer when a lady speaks to me that she should do me the honer to look at me and treat me with ordinary civility."
"I can't prefer to

"I can't pretend to be givil to any one when I don't feel so. I am not like some people, who profess to be in love with everyone they meet, and then keep up the deception by writing horrible falsehoods about it."

"These are rather serious insinuations. I think you ought to explain yourself more distinctly."

"I resultance to names."

you ought to explain yourself more distinctly.

"I mentioned no names."

"It was hardly necessary. You displayed so much personal feeling that—"

"You are very much mistaken if you think I feel anything about it."

"About what?"

"About you, or anything you do or say."

After this explicit declaration there was a pause, during which Beryl, still steadily staring at the print before her, trembled as much from anguish as from anger.

as from anger.

Do you really mean what you say, Beryl?" "Do you really mean white asked Loraine solemnly.
"Of course. Why should I not?"
"Because I gathered quite the reverse from your manner, that night three weeks ago, when I last

saw you."
"You were quite mistaken."
"Oh!,"

'And so was L"

chair.

"We were both mistaken in fact," he observed, taking up a newspaper. "How fortunate we discovered our mistake in good time."

Mr. Weatherley and Mrs. Courteville returned just in time to sit down to lunch. Dr. Vincent bad not quite fulfilled the expectations roused by Mrs. Courteville, he having, to a generous rule of dict, affixed the prevish restriction that his patient should touch no wine or surits. Still that was should touch no wine or spirits. Still that was an improvement on Dr. Clinker, and one which Mr. Weatherley, at this special time, rully appreciated, for amongst Mrs. Courteville's many endearing qualities was her habit of keeping a goo; cook, and giving her or bim plenty of employment. Luckily no medical interference prevented Mr. Weatherley and provided in the form of the f and giving her or bim plenty of employment. Luckily no medical interference prevented Mr. continuous appreciation of the feast, fer Beryl, on one side of the table, could hardly swallow, and Loraine, at the other, plucid as he looked, was far

Loraine, at the other, placid as he looked, was far too wretched to know what he was eating.

"I am so glad you like that," said Mrs. Courteville, as Mr. Weatherley helped himself for the second time to a bewitching compound of most nuwholesome ingredients, "Sir Francis Gournes—the great epicure, you know—gave me the receipt, and said this peculiar kind of wine was the proper thing to drink with it. Oh, please, Mr. Weatherley—I insist—you must take some. Pray, don't think of Dr. Vincent's tiresome rules till you go within an experienced eye they spot every foreigner who comes within sight, and know to person.

Mr. Weatherley gallantly obeyed, and praised the wine with an air of authority, but confessed that for light wines in general, he had very little respect. A person who drank them and restling stronger was, he considered, next door to a tec-

stronger was, he considered, next door to a testicabler.

"How horrible!" cried Mrs, Courteville. "In that case I must take to drinking port and sherry. Teetotallers, I consider, are quite too dreadful, almost as bad as the Salvation Army. Yet some nice kind peeule belong to them, like the Verneys, you know. When their cldest girl was married this mouth—I told you about it, Beryl—but faney. Mr. Loraine, they gave us nothing to drink at breakfast but lemonade.

"Po son." observed Mr. Weatherley.

"Why should you tell Mr. Loraine anything about it when he was there bineed?" asked Beryl suddenly, laying down her knife and fork.

"Mr. Loraine!" cried Mrs. Courteville, for an instant unfeignedly howildered. "Was he there?"

"Gertainly not. I was at Busset Deane."
"I thought I did not remember seeing you."

"Mr. Loraine" cried Mrs. Courteville, for an instant unfeignedly bewildered. "Was he there?"
"I thought I did not remember seeing you."
"You told me yourself he was at the wedding, said Brygl doggedly.
"I did?" repeated Mrs. Courteville, as if in amazement. "Impossible, dear Beryl!"
"You told me in your last letter," said Beryl, with a slow and distinct articulation of every syllable; "you told me that Mr. Loraine was at the wedding, meking himself agreeable to Mrs. Verney as usual. These were your exact words."
"Not Mr. Loraine, darling," responded 'Irs. Courteville, her tone changing from the high pitch of astonishment to the lower note of tender persuasion. "Not Mr. Loraine—Mr. Lennox it would be. My handwriting is quite illegible."
"And what on earth does it matter, Eerry?" exclaimed her father imnatiently. "Don't be so childish. Mrs. Courteville, if you will allow me. I will ask for a little more of that lobster salad. I don't know when I have fasted a dressing I like better. Now the tarragon—what, what :—Peryl?" For Peryl had risen and, with that admirable indifference to time, place, and, above everything, persons, which always distinguished her, was walking round the table towards Loraine. While her eyes cparkled and her lips trembled, she held out her hand to him, and, as in a strange mixture of rapture and disconfert he rose to take it, she said:
"You see, I thought—but I did not mean what I said. I beg your pardon!"
"The will has gone etrary!" cried Mr. Weatherley, "What manners! Sit down, and let other people cat their lunch in peace, if you don't want any; and, pray, what is it all about?"
But an explanation so undesirable, at least for one person, gresent, was averted by the—in hervery singular awkwardiness with which Mrs. Courteville suddenly overtuned her champagne glass into her lap, and the no less unwonted agitation she betrayed over the injury to her gown. Even Beryl was affected by this misfortane, and before the fuss it created land subsided all was forgiven or forgotten.

Loraine accompan

"There is no mistake now, is there, Beryl?" he whispered as, standing by the carriage door, he toyed caressinaly with her little hands, while Mr. Weatherley was hunting for the tickets.

"Why, here they are in my pocket, after all! Put I'll several never put them there! Well, then, Leraine, we shall expect you to-morrow in time for dinner. We will have a hanneh of vertison inst fit to cook and a glass of port wine——. He pansed, checked by a disagreeable recollection, then concluded impatiently, "Oh, hang the London doctors! I don't believe in any one of them. I'll send for little Panton to-morrow."—(Black and White.

A SHOWER OF BLACK RAIN.

A SHOWER OF BLACK RAIN.

Picked up by The Calcago Times.

The meteorological records of the world chronicle several incontestible instances of black rainfalls, to say nothing of the more stariling phenomena of "showers of blood," "blue snows," etc. Prof. Barker, in April, 1845, laid before the Royal Society of Dublin some observations on a shower of black rain which fell around Carlow and Kilkenny, extending altogether over an area of about 400 square miles.

Buring the course of his lecture Prof. Barker exhibited to the society a specimen of this uncanny shower which had been sent him by a friend. The specimen shown in the vial was of a uniform black color, much resembling common black writing fluid. Dr. Barker found, however, that after allowing it to stand for a short period the black coloring matter separated from the water with which it had mixed, rendering the color of the rainwaier much lighter, but still dark enough to be called "black rain." The shower, which was in broad daylight, was preceded by a darkness so dense as to make it impossible for one to read without the ald of a candle. After this darkness had continued for some time a hallstorm set in, attended with vivid lighting, but without the least semblance of thunder. When this hallstorm was over the black rain began to fall.

On examination of the rain immediately after the storm was over it was found to have an extremely feld smell, as well as a very disagreeable faste. All light colored animals and all articles of clothing exposed bore dark spots and stairs, and cattle refused to drik the water or out the grass until after a bit of the kinds. All light colored animals and all articles of clothing exposed bore dark spots and status, and cattle refused to drink the water or cut the grass until after a shower of "real rain" had washed off the plack, potsoning matter.

THE PENALTY OF HEEDLESSNESS. From The Detroit Tribune, .

The army stood in the presence of death, silent with The army stood in the presence of death, steril with horror.

The condemned man, pale but resolute, had taken its place beside the cafin which was to hold his mortal clay, facing the firing squad. He was a handsome solder and it wrung the hearts of his comrades to see him about to meet a dishonorable end.

The culprit was speaking. His voice was clear and firm and his words reached every ear in the great con-

"My friends--"

Already there was many a train eye retent upon that beloved figure.

"I due the yieldin of my own carelessness. Once my prospects were as bright as yours. I had been commended for my bravery."

A murmur of approval ran through the troops.

"And the scars upon my body attest my devotion to the rause. I have been declared a good soldler, but one day in a fit of unaccountable heedlessness."

"It is mad sank upon his breast,

"I passed within four miles of a superior officer and did not touch my nat. My fate is a just one and I make no complaint."

make no complaint."

They were sorry to see him shot, but they approprie aied the necessity of maintaining discipline.

From The San Francisco Call.

From The San Francisco Call.

When February 22 comes and the Palo Altos play off their the with the Berkeley students in a match game of football there will be trouble in store for the quiet citizens of this burg.

They will be awakened by noises more uncarthly and more uncanny than any they ever heard before.

A local firm has a centract on hand to construct a manster borb.

A local firm has a centract on hand to construct a monster horn.

Not an ordinary horn blown by mortal beings and making the midnight hours hideous, but a horn worked with a steam blower, made of galyanized fron, fifty feet long and ten feet in diameter.

The stanford boys are going to have this monster horn, and they are now preparing a petition to the tovernor to have the militia detailed to protect it from the wiles and machinations of the Berkeleyites.

The coming noisemaker will have two valves, a thirty-two horse-power boiler and will cost \$500 when built.

built.

The e are 200 en hushast c stu ents 11 aged t devote \$2.50 each toward the building fund required to construct that giant horn, and when it is completed it will be huled on one of the big trucks which transport large coils of cable for street railroads to the playing park.

THE GAMINS OF ROME.

TRICKS WHICH MAKE THEM THE DELIGHT AND THE TORMENT OF TRAVELLERS "Street gamins in Rome," the reader may think;

are probably not very different from street gamine

elsewhere-curious, impudent and a nuisance gener-

They certainly are endowed with those qualities most generously; nor are they all as handsome and Interesting as the familiar "Roman Boy," with large, dreamy eyes, long, black locks, and the stereotyped high pointed hat, which may be seen in oil, aquarelle or copper in the windows of almost every art dealer. But, notwithstanding the general characteristics which they may have in common with others of their class, there are certain traits, peculiar to them, which at once attract the stranger's attention and usually make those audacious little tormentors his favorites. True, the historical atmosphere makes the visitor very susceptible to new impressions; the classical background lends color and light to objects which in themelves are insignificant. But, everything considered, the street gamin in Rome earns and enjoys his reputation chiefly on his personal merits. Like most southerners of low parentage, he is made up of a mixture Lorance drew a long breath as he sank into a j of pleasing grandezza and restless vivacity; of genillity and vulgar greed; of dreamy, earnest and gay

> Early in the morning these little fellows begin their day's work. The first thing to be done is usually to secure breakfast in some way from one of the numer-ous herdsmen who daily bring their goats to the city and milk them in the street, one by one, as they find customers on their route. When the herdsman for a few moments leaves 14s flock to deliver milk or solicit new orders, the watchful, half-naked boys will dart out from a corner or alley, squat down and suck the fresh, warm milk from the full udders. When the Indignant rustic appears with his long staff to punish the juvenile maranders, they are off, and vanish as quickly as they appeared. Strengthened by their primitive meal, they now begin the more legitimate part of their day's work. The newspapers

eigner who comes within sight, and know to per-fection how to take advantage of his peculiarities. When I one day during my stay in Rome got into a dispute with a cabman because he. In addition to the regular fare, demanded buona mansia—a tip-a little fellow six or seven years old came up and said

in a paternal, assuring tone:
"Sixty centime is enough, sir. The rascal is very impudent: don't fou give him any more." In the same breath he asked me for a soldo for the service rendered. I handed him a coin, laughing at

scending gesture as he patronizingly said: as we would say.) Then be hastily made his de parture, for the driver reached for his whip and was going to pay him for his untimely meddling. I had walked only a short distance when another boy was at my side.

"si, signor, you are quite right; this is the road to st. Pietro and the Vatican-give me a soldo!"
What a logical argument: I drove him off, of But a few minutes later a third one bounded forward. "My tord! my lord! you are going to lose your

handkerchief." That was another solde. I succeeded in dismissing this fellow also, but only

to go from the frying-pan into the fire; for a bootblack, scarcely more than five years, was already making for me, swinging his brushes as he began; "Your boots, sir! your boots!"

I am not so extravagant as some of the native Romans, who have their boots polished several times

in a day, and I tried to ignore him. Then he appealed to my self-respect.

"But, my lord, such boots!" he exclaimed reprovingly, as he trotted along by my side. "O. Die mie! what hasty boots! O. Santo Madre di Diet what boots! I really pity you, sir. Indeed! such

boots: In fato! I am sorry for you!"
All this was uttered in a tone of the most profound moral conviction, the most disinterested fellowfeeling of regret and sympathy, as if I were a friend also this appeal failed he dropped behind a few steps and changed his tactics to a very noisy persecution.

"Just look at that American! One can always tell an American by his dirty boots." That was too much for me. I concluded to let the little imp shine my boots rather than see entire American people expelled from the family of well-polished nations.

These children, bold and full of vulgar bombast as they are, must not be judged too harshly. It must be remembered that most of them are orphans. They have to make their own living, and therefore often spend their childhood in the streets, where they little friendly encouragement changes them into the most amiable and obliging little beings. A couple of

guides and trusty messengers. Their manner of settling disputes is characteristic. When our boys disagree they simply fight. But the Italian, and especially the Roman street arab, has always an eye to business. He figures up the gala and loss in everything he undertakes, and in accordance with this instinct he first destroys his rival's stock of goods, then he delivers the moral and legal argument in the case in form of a consciention

As soon as someone ventures out with a sketchbook or portfolio the street gamins appear and offer their services as models. I saw one day a flock of those vampires descend upon an elderly painter, evidently

a foreigner. The foremost went straight at him:
"Well, sir, here I am." The astonished painter
looked at the swarthy imp. He did not remember ever having seen tim. But, nothing daunted, the little fellow continued: "Why, certainly, sir! I assure you that you wanted to paint me. How do you want me? This way, or perhaps that way?" And he struck various picturesque attitudes, copied from the statues in the art dealers' windows. But as these tricks failed, he dropped down to an every-day tone and pleaded, as he trotted along: "You might paint me, anyway." But it was all in vain. He finally gave up, and said reproachfully; "Then give me at least a soldo or a cigar."

At the close of each day quite a new kind of life begins in the streets of Rome. Chairs are moved out-side, and in endless rows the Romans sit and enjoy side, and in endless rows the Romans sit and enjoy the coal breeze of the evening with their coffee or sorbetto, and the inevitable eighrette or cizar. They often gather in little knots, and the rapid taiking, gestiemating and langing mingle into something altogether unintelligible to a foreigner. While everyone is giving himself up to listening or taiking (particularly to taiking), the street gamins move about serpent-like, without a sound, from group to group, picking up cast-away eigars. No sooner has the remnant of a cigar renebed the pavement than two or three brown arms, quick as arrows, dart out for remaint of a cigar reached the povement than two or three brown arms, quick as arrows, dart out for the precious morsel. There is a brief dispute—a passionate "va via" (away, there), a "maledettos!" d—m, and the victor rises with a grand air. With exceedingly genteel indolence—like a veritable gentleman of inisure—he leans against the nearest wall or tree, and, with the solied stump in the corner of his mouth, his gaze wanders over the heads of the less fortunate mortals about him with supreme indifference.

of his mouth, his gaze wanders over the heads of the less fortunate mortals about him with supreme indifference.

Where do all these homeless boys sleep? There are plenty of quarters for the night in Rome. Among the pillars surrounding the ancient buildings, the church portals, the recesses about the chapels, the niches of the numberless saints—all these are excellent lodging places. Only the Colosseum with its eighty portals makes an exception, for one of them is the guardhouse of the police; and in Rome. Selsewhere, a natural instinct forbids the street arabs to mingle too freely with even the humblest of city officials. After the day's battle some of these homeless boys will lie down and sleep in the doorway of the nearest house, and it is not an uncommon thing, when one comes home late, to stumble over a pair of small brown legs, whose owner mechanically reaches out with his little hand, and in a sleepy voice saye:

"Un soldo, signor!"

Thus passes day after day for the street boys in the "Elernal City." They grow up in a constant fight for existence. The street is their home and their school. They go through life with an imperturbable sang froid that is simply enviable. They know of no other burden than the care for the necessities of the moment, and among them a cigar or a cigarette is the most serious. Then they become young men, well equipped with practical knowledge of the world, and with health. They are qualified for almost anything, except to sit still and be idle. Excellent servants, good soldiers, and hard-working men generally grow out of these street boys. As a matter of course, also deadbeats and criminals.

They are in any case an interesting feature of "eternal Rome," if in no other way, as a contrast to the dignity and grandeur which surrounds the scenes of their lives.

"Have you a patient who is in the last stages of consumption?" asked a young man of the superiatendent of the hospital.

"Why do you ask?"
"I'm a reporter for "The Dally Fake," and my editor sent me out to find some one to whom we can afford to award our \$5-a-week-for-life prize for guesses on the election."—(Bullulo Express.